from her the other day thanking me for having introduced her to a dressmaker who was " an angel." Another note sent round to me during a performance of " King Arthur " in Boston I shall always prize.

"You are sublime, adorable *ce soir*. . . . I wish I were a millionaire—I would throw *all* my millions at your feet, If there is another procession, tell the stage manager to see those imps of Satan *don't chew gum.* It looks awful.

"Love,
MELBA,"

I think that time it was the solemn procession of mourners following the dead body of Elaine who were chewing gum ; but we always had to be prepared for it among our American " supers," whether they were angels or .devils or courtiers !

In " Faust" we " carried " about six leading witches for the Brocken Scene, and recruited the forty others from local talent in the different towns that we visited. Their general direction was to throw up their arms and look fierce at certain music cues. One night I noticed a girl going through the most terrible contortions with her jaw, and thought I must say something.

" That's right, dear." Very good, but don't exaggerate."

" How ? " was all the answer that I got in the choicest nasal twang, and the girl continued to make faces as before.

I was contemplating a second attempt, when Templeton, the limelight man, who had heard me speak to her, touched me gently on the shoulder.

" Beg pardon, miss, she don't mean it. She's only *chewing gum* | "

One of iny earliest friends among literary folk was Mr. Charles Dodgson—or Lewis Carroll—or " Alice in Wonder-land." Ah, *that* conveys something to you! I can't